DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 342 522 RC 018 474

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TITLE Meeting the Needs of Rural Students At-Risk. Panel Discussion.
PUB DATE 20 Mar 91
NOTE 10p.; In: Reaching Our Potential: Rural Education in the 90's. Conference Proceedings, Rural Education Symposium (Nashville, TN, March 17-20, 1991); see RC 018 473.
PUB TYPE Speeches/Conference Papers (150) -- Viewpoints (Opinion/Position Papers, Essays, etc.) (120)

EDRS PRICE MF01/PC01 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS American Indians; *Disabilities; Elementary Secondary Education; *Individual Differences; *Parent Attitudes; Rural Schools; *Rural Youth; *Social Bias; Student Attitudes; Student Needs; *Teacher Attitudes
IDENTIFIERS Native Americans

ABSTRACT

This paper highlights a panel discussion dealing with different perceptions of disability and how these perceptions are influenced by the experience of living with, working with, and teaching children with handicaps. One panel participant, a Native American, discusses her experience in accepting and loving her handicapped daughter. She counsels children and parents on a Navajo reservation and understands their way of life and attitudes. Most of the handicapped children on the reservation do not attend school; they are hidden away from the public. At the tribal schools, children with physical or emotional handicaps sense the teachers look down on them because they need extra help with class work. The second panelist works with disabled children and also has a handicapped daughter. She emphasizes that the needs of disabled children are the same as nondisabled children. Planning for the future for a disabled child must include provisions that such care can continue even into adulthood. Focusing on the person as opposed to focusing on their disabilities is a first step in accepting disabled individuals. The third panelist, an educator who has experienced prejudices because of her Native American and African heritage, believes that, rather than the family, today's teacher has to be more concerned with teaching children about their own capacity to learn and about accepting differences in people because problems in many contemporary families leave children unprepared for school. To make this a better world, we need to put ourselves in the other person's perspective and learn that a disability, as one perceives it, can be beautiful. (LP)

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ACRES PRESENTATION:
General Session
Presenter: Yvonne Stone
Co-Presenter: Sue Hovey
Co-Presenter: Nellie Kanesta
Day: March 20, 1991
Time: 8:30am-10:15am

Panel Discussion:
Meeting the Needs of Rural Students At-Risk

RC018474

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Panel Discussion:
"Meeting the Needs of Rural Students At-Risk"

Panel Participants:

Yvonne Stone
UNISERV Director, Missouri NEA

Sue Hovey
Teacher, Moscow, ID and
NEA Executive Board

Nellie Kanesta
Counselor, Ramah Navajo School Board
Pine Hill, NM

Built around the theme, "A Disability Can Be Beautiful--A Disability Can Be Positive," this panel discussion points out differences in perceptions of the term "disability" and how personal beliefs are influenced and opinions are adjusted in the process of living, working with, and teaching children with handicaps. Presenting the panel, Yvonne discusses the importance of attitudinal changes in attempting to change the paradigm, or commonly held beliefs.

Nellie Kanesta: I have a daughter that is handicapped--she was born with multiple sclerosis--and at first it was hard for me to accept her and to love her. I thought it was a stigma upon me because I was a bad parent, because of my substance abuse and neglect. As years went by, I blamed myself a lot. I couldn't get near her and when I was near her, I couldn't touch her. But later on I met this wonderful spiritual leader up in Missoula, Montana, who told me that being a handicapped parent brings you closer to the universe and to the people around you. Being a parent of a handicapped person gives you the tolerance, the patience, the understanding and the care these children need. Handicapped children are unique in their own way; even if some of them can't walk, some of them can't talk, or some of them can't lift their heads. He called me a special mother. After he talked to me, I went back and looked at her and finally admitted, 'It wasn't my fault; a higher power gave her to me like that for a very special reason; to teach me that she is no different than I. She is an individual, with rights and dignity, and I need to respect her as much as I can. That's when I started my grieving process, letting go of my fears and giving thanks for her life.

My daughter has since graduated from high school; and is now working in Zuni with the Rehab Program making candles and electronic things. She has her own banking account. She is independent, but she lives with her grandma because now and them she goes into seizures. Just watching her improve, getting off her crutches and talking, is beautiful. They told us that she would never walk or talk and that she would always be a baby. But my mom had more faith than I did and she worked with her while I was still coming to terms with my grief. I have come to the point where I am not ashamed of her anymore. We go shopping together, we play games together, her brothers and sisters help her, her nieces and nephews help her.

On the reservation, the kids that are handicapped do not go to school; their families tend to hide them away from the public. They are kept at home and the grandparents take care of them. Sadly, they are teachable, but since we do not have a school for them in our area, most of them have to be sent away and most Navajos' do not take the option to let their kids go and learn what they need to be self-supporting. And at the tribal schools, even children with multiple handicaps or emotional disturbance have sensed that many teachers tend to look down on them--because they can't read or

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they can't write, or its harder for them to comprehend math. The teachers become frustrated and angry--when these students ask for help they may respond with, 'Not now,' or 'I'm too busy, can't you wait 'til later.' These children will wait until school is out and they still haven't received any help. They are taught to think, 'They don't want to help me. I'm no good. So what do I care?' We have a high truancy rate in our community and many kids have turned to substance abuse. Many of our little kids have turned to suicide this year. It's sad to see a second grader or a fifth grader wanting to kill themselves, because they hurt. I've tried to commit suicide myself, three times. I felt that no one understood me--nobody wants to help me. Without anyone to care and help, it leads a person to think they are bad; so they might as well be bad. So I once chose that road but now I choose a different road--to educate myself and others.

It has not been easy trying to educate children of our own culture, either. We go off to school for our teaching degree, but when we come back to our home communities, there are no jobs available for us, or we are limited from the work force due to nepotism. Many tribal leaders have relatives they would rather put in before anybody else. Also, confidentiality is very hard to maintain because we are all so closely intertwined in relationships, clan-wise and through marriages. The teachers may be so interrelated that they will not communicate about the difficulties the children may be experiencing at home. The teacher may deny that anything is happening in the family; Problems don't get reported, no follow up is done on the family. This denial hurts not only the children but the entire family, because nothing can be done to really help them. And by reporting incidents, we run the risk of losing our jobs. I report what I have to, and I'm usually threatened with losing my job--sometimes it's scary, but my primary concern is not with myself, but with the children and their families.

So, it's hard working with my own people. But because I am a Navajo, I am entrusted in working with my people and have a special rapport with the children. They can come and tell me anything, and because I myself feel like a kid, growing up, we can communicate. We both share the experiences and the difficulties working together in the classroom setting, in therapy.

We started a new program two weeks ago, working with twenty-eight kindergartners with emotional behavior-disorders. It's very difficult--they have so much anger geared toward their parents because of sexual abuse or physical abuse, mostly verbal abuse. They feel very insecure and they do not know where to let go of that anger, so it comes out at recess time on the playgrounds or on the school buses. Sometimes you feel these kids are more dangerous to themselves than to other kids. But we take them out of class and work with them three times a week in intense conferences. It is very stressful to me because I can feel their pain and their hurt, their frustration, and their own lack of self-esteem. But to be honest with you, I think these kids are very beautiful and very worth saving, because they are going to be our future leaders on the reservation someday. If we can reach them at an early age, I think they are salvagable.

To me, a handicap means a beautiful flower opening up for the first time that is going to bloom and be more productive. When people take the time to say, 'hey, you're ok,' give a hug and talk with these special children, many times they effuse much love because they are starving for the love not received at home. So, as we Indian people say, 'What we give, is given back to other people, and received a thousand times more.'

Life on the reservation is very hard, very frustrating. To teachers coming from 'outside,' used to having the support of a large community, it can be very stressful. But we welcome anybody who wants to come out and try it--come live with us for a couple of weeks before going into the work force. You will experience our culture, our traditions, our values--and you will be surprised how similar we are to you. Many of us live in houses with electricity and running water. But on another

level of the reservation, the people live in the traditional *hogan*, and they are dirt poor. The *hogan*-dwellers all sleep in that round room, they all eat in that round room. They use kerosene for lamps or propane lamps. It gets very cold in those *hogans* during the wintertime. But you know, the unity of the *hogan* is like the womb of a child in the family of a mother. It is encircled and the chimney is the umbilical cord, to keep us all warm and healthy, and to keep us growing; the *hogan* is a place within us. In the *hogan* we teach our traditions, arts and crafts and our language. If you see our traditional dances, I think you will understand where our inner spirituality comes from.

We have such a beautiful country, no matter where we go, appreciate all the beauty around you because our creator gave it to us. Enjoy the sunrise and the sunset, the land and everybody in your life. Yesterday is gone and tomorrow may never come--we can only live in today.

Sue Hovey: I work, as all of you do, with children at-risk; children with disabilities. And if you are in the public education system, you will work with children or students at risk. There are 45 million children in public and private education, K-12, and there are estimates that as many as half of those children can be considered in significant risk. So you and I will be touching upon their lives in many, many ways.

Twelve million children today are in poverty. That's almost 20 percent of the total population in poverty, and it's our fastest growing population. Of teenage pregnancy, 12 percent of all the births in 1987 were to young women under the age of 20 and over 10,000 of those births were to young women under the age of 13. You and I have to deal with the consequences of those pregnancies because when one looks at the data, half of those young women drop out of school and half of those who drop out never return. We, as educators, face many difficulties in dealing with the consequences of acts of which we have absolutely no control. Yet we have to deal with these issues if we're going to be of any help in creating a society that can help these young people. And I know that's difficult.

I want to talk to you today about disabilities from a somewhat different perspective than Nellie. I have yet to be persuaded that disabilities themselves are beautiful. Although, I have a disabled young daughter, who is beautiful (defined early on in her life as educably mentally retarded). I, like Nellie, had a hard time understanding that what happened to my daughter was not my fault; or if it was my fault, I didn't do it on purpose--and, it took a long time to get over that. But in somewhat attempting to help me in my own misery a young woman said to me one day, 'God must have loved you a lot to have given you this special child.' Now that may have been comfort to some people, but it was no comfort to me. As a matter of fact, I wished God hadn't loved me quite so much! Growing up with her has been an adventure, an exciting adventure, certainly, and I have learned, as has my husband and our two other children, that she is a unique person as each one of us is unique.

But her disabilities are not so much unique as they are different from the rest of us only in time and in degree. When Leslie was 21 years old, we got her this really good job working at the University of Idaho, and she brought home her first wealth. She was going to bring home her first paycheck and we were so proud of her and were bragging on her, and we kept saying 'Where is it?' And she kept saying, 'Well, uh, they haven't given it to us yet.' Well, two weeks passed and I was beginning to get very angry, you know--somebody exploiting my baby! Until I discovered that she had received her paycheck on time and she finally admitted that what she had done is taken her $36 and gone to the local pizza parlor with her friends. She had treated to them to pizza and video games and beer! And we were quite upset until I remembered that, well you know, when I got my first paycheck, I was about Leslie's age. I'll bet you money that what I did with it, was treat my friends to pizza and video games and beer! So, I say to you that, Leslie is now 26 years old, and I have begun to understand, really that is all truly, a matter of degree.

There have been good days and there have been poignant days, but not only has my daughter with her disabilities been an asset and a blessing to our family, she is also a blessing to our neighborhood and to our community. Because people have learned to care, who have learned what her needs are. We have a neighbor who is about four years younger than our daughter. When our neighbor was turning five years old, she had a birthday party and invited Leslie. As the cake was being dished out and the ice cream was being handed around, one of the little five year olds said to my daughter, 'Leslie, what does it mean to be retarded?' Well you know the mother just about died--and Leslie responded, 'Well, it means you don't have very many friends.' And the mother, of course, came to us with tears in her eyes saying, 'Oh, I would not have had that happen for anything in the world.' And fortunately, we were able to respond to her and say, 'Well, but wasn't it a lesson to the people who were there.' Because that is true in what it does mean.

I don't know how many of you have read the article, the title was 'Public Law 94-142: Mainstream or Quicksand,' but one of the points the author made, is that mainstreaming young people is certainly a good idea, but it is not the solution for all their problems and let us never forget that. She went on to say, that the disabled child who comes into the classroom may interact well with his or her peers at that moment and during that time, but except in the most extraordinary of cases, that young child when he or she goes home, will not get a telephone call from those peers or will not have the opportunity to interact with them socially; and those are very acute needs for all young people--disabled people as well as others. This is an ethical and moral dilemma that any parent encounters with any child.

Dating--you know when she was little we never thought of her as having the ability to date or to be a sexual human being, or to marry--and yet those are all opportunities for her. Our daughter Leslie has a boyfriend named Kenny. We had Kenny over last Thanksgiving for dinner, and all of us were a little bit anxious about it because Kenny had been going through some real problems, and sometimes he doesn't respond appropriately in social situations. I was sitting at the table--I'd fixed Thanksgiving dinner--and my husband and our daughter were in the kitchen area, cleaning up the dishes. Kenny looked up and said, 'Dad's don't belong in the kitchen--Dad's belong at the table and Mother's belong at the sink.' Well, my eldest daughter turned to him and said, 'Kenny, in this house, Dad cleans up the dishes and I help.' Kenny just couldn't deal with that--he got up and walked out. Now Kenny has seizures occassionally when he gets real upset and Leslie looked at me and says, 'Mother! He may have a seizure!' So Leslie and I got in the pickup and found Kenny and brought him back. And Kenny finished up his dinner and has since become more or less accustomed to the fact that occassionally, I don't go into the kitchen. But there are all kinds of dilemmas that we face, not only with the dating.

Julia Thomason, in the Education Department of Appalachian State College, deals with the placing of special and regular education teachers, and she said, 'You know, it's really difficult to place teachers in junior high school and have them learn and know that kids are not necessarily of an academic inclination at that period of time in their life. I know that doesn't come as a surprise to you--she said, 'Actually, when you look at seventh graders, they're only interested in one thing. She said 'The difference between seventh grade girls and seventh grade boys is that seventh grade boys think about sex and seventh grade girls think about when they're going to get their 'parts'.' Well, I can tell you right now that disabled people think about the same things, and ask the same questions, and get involved in the same activities. And you worry yourself to death, but you do it with your non-disabled children too.

I have a friend with a young daughter who has Down's Syndrome, and it came that time in her life she became sexually mature. Now, rightly or wrongly, we feel that many times our children would not be responsible parents, and that the responsibility for parenthood, if in fact that did occur, would fall upon us. And we feel that we are not up to that job--that was my revolution anyway. This friend of mine took her young daughter to a doctor to ask her about sterilization, and he said to her, 'I can tell you that Robin will never be able to balance a checkbook, but I cannot tell you that she would't be a good mother.' And you're thinking, 'What in the hell do you see motherhood as being!' Because the concern that we have is that all of those children, if they have children, will have children who need sustained care, love, education and that responsibility will fall to us--the parents.

Alice Walker says in her book, The Temple of My Familiar, "Keep in mind always, the present you are constructing. It should lead to the future you want." Well for those of us who have young sons and daughters who are disabled, that becomes a very, very significant part of our lives: We must plan not only for our old age, but also plan for the possibility that we may outlive our children. In a session dealing with schools in the twenty-first century and the data that we know will occur, there was discussion around the 'sandwich generation.' Those, primarily females, who are sandwiched between the care-for children and the care-for older adults. There was an article in the New York Times, a couple of months ago, that dealt with the 'sandwich generation' as they grow older. Interestingly enough, those parents whose children were institutionalized in the early years, may not have the problem because there are still placement opportunities for their sons and daughters. But those parents who chose to keep their children home--those parents are oftentimes faced with an absolutely unsolvable problem. There are no placement opportunities for those middle-aged disabled or elderly adult, or adult disabled people. So as you have to plan your futures, those of us with disabled children have an intervening variable that not everyone has to deal with. But this is the only reality that we know; this is our family and we love every member of it, and we are proud of every member of it.

I want to close by reading you a piece of a poem that deals with how to respond to a disabled person. It's titled "Think of Me First as a Person:"

"Though it is comfortable to be babied
I am less dependent
When people treat me as a big boy.
I don't want their sympathy.
I want their respect for what I can do.
Even though I am slow
And many things that you take for granted
Are really hard for me,
I can hardly understand what tomorrow means.
But I remember the months that it took me
To finally learn how to pedal that big blue bicycle
When both my feet got on both those pedals
And it finally went forward,
And how happy I was when I turned on the faucet
To get a drink of water and the water came
I thought I might never want to turn it off again.
If I can learn at my own pace
And still be accepted,
I can fit into a society where slowness is suspect.
So think of me first as a person

Who hurts, and loves and feels joy
And know that I am a child to encourage and teach.
Just smile and say hello
For oftentime even that, is enough."

Yvonne Stone: There are no learning disabilities in my family. I am not handicapped in any way. At least I never thought that I was, growing up in the family that I grew up in. I grew up in a normal family; a father and a mother and sisters. And we all went to elementary school, public school, until my mother got tired of fighting battles at the public school and put us all in a parochial school. We went to parochial school through high school and then at various stages, went to college.

One day my mother said to me, as my sisters and I were talking and she was listening to our conversation, 'How'd y'all get prejudiced? I didn't raise you like that--Why are you saying the things you are saying?' And we kind of thought about it, you know, and thought well, 'Guess she did--she always told us that everybody was equal and that we could do anything we wanted to do and there'd be no problems. Just work hard and go forth.' We believed her, and we tried to do that, but in doing that, we came into society. We're from Harlem, New York, and there are certain ideas that people have about people from Harlem. But mother also thought that we had to go downtown, to Fifth Avenue, too, and so she dragged us to all those places that would make us well-rounded young ladies. And I am grateful to her for taking the time to do that.

But no longer can we depend on the family to do that--mothers and fathers. We no longer have appreciation of the extended family, where grandparents and aunts and uncles could take on that responsibility too. So therefore, the responsibility falls on the educator. As a kindergarten teacher, I went into the classroom with a 'save the world', cutesy-cutesy stuff. And I was having problems with the idea of kindergartner's coming to me saying, 'I can't do this--I cannot learn. I don't know A from B.' I began to really look at that situation--what's going on here? The school system can't be blamed because the child hasn't been in a school setting before this.

Later in my career, after teaching K-12, I went back and counseled elementary school children. I discovered that the problem was beyond the classroom; they were in the home. There were reasons for pre-schoolers coming to me saying, 'I can't learn this--it doesn't mean anything to me, it's not of value to me.' So, I began to look at the parent that was dropping that child off. And one year a parent came in, walked straight down the hallway because she was late, handed me her child and looked at me and said 'Goodbye'--and turned around and walked out. Well, needless to say, the child was crying, hollering, screaming, kicking, and although I know I had said to them on the first day of school, please do not hang around because of the child--I did not mean to leave them kicking and screaming and hollering! But she was essentially saying to me, 'Look, I had her, I kept her, I did all the things I was supposed to do--now it's my turn.' And what I really understood what she was telling me that she, the mother, had missed her childhood. This was a four year old child and the mother was nineteen--and this was becoming the norm for my kindergarten class, where the mother was in her teens or very early twenties. What she was telling me was now she had to do the things that she had missed doing when she had this child. And I could understand that, but now it was my responsibility to teach self-esteem. To encourage this child to learn. Because the children were not going to learn A and B and 1 and 2 unless I told them they were capable of doing so.

In a previous session we talked about programs for next year--and in connecting with the community and building a coalition, and a question was asked, 'Well why do you have to do that.' As a counselor, I found myself dealing with the wholistic child; with the total environment of the child. When you have a child that is going home to a house with holes in the walls and December is

approaching, you know that the child is not going to be in school very long because that child will fall ill. So therefore, it is my responsibility as a counselor to go to Social Services or to the Housing Authorities and tell them, there is a family in need. Or if one of the parents is unsupported or has a problem, say with substance abuse, it is my responsibility to say to the other parent, 'These are the services you can get--I can help you but you have to make the first step.' These are issues educational professionals must deal with, and we cannot run away from that responsibility. When that multicultural child walks into your room--and that child may be a Native American, Hispanic, an Asian Pacific Islander, or an African-American--it is going to be your responsibility to find out about that child: You are to find out the cultural needs of that child. You cannot just expect that child to be who you want them to be, because their culture may limit them.

I worked in rural America, where every year we knew the migrant workers were coming. And every year we were unprepared. But it was our responsibility as the classroom teacher to try to make do without anyone to translate for us. One year I went into the community and found people to translate my letter to the parents for the kindergartners' trip to the Philadelphia Zoo. I also went to the local college and found a student to interpret the signs to the children. The administration's response was to just leave the child at school. But I did not want to do that--I wanted those children to experience what kindergarten was all about, and what the trip was all about.

At the conference last year I did a session about the needs in the rural schools. After the program someone came to me and said, 'There is one thing that you taught me, and that was never to forget from where you came from.' I take my heritage to the classroom with me. This is something I am learning more and more about every day; but this is education I did not receive in school. I was not taught about the 'Buffalo Soldiers,' out in the west, so named by the Native Americans. Being proud of the Buffalo, the Native Americans thought these black men were great achievers and great warriors. So they were named Buffalo Soldiers. No one told me that my ancestors were here before the Mayflower. I'm also Native American--Cherokee, from the eastern tribe of Cherokee located in what is now Black Creek, Tennessee. My grandmother had saved the discharge papers of my great-grandfather, from the Civil War. We discovered through the 1877 census, because of those papers, the reason why he was in the Civil War. He was moved from the plantation he was on to go with the daughter who had married. He went with her, and made sure that she was settled, and then he walked off. Now because he was a Native American, he was able to blend in with the other Native Americans. If he had been part of my father's heritage, from Africa, he would not have been able to do that. So therefore, he walked off, joined the Civil War and became a scout for the Union Army. I know that. I ask you to appreciate that and understand that. Do not take that away from me.

My job now with the NEA is in rural Missouri. There are certain parts of rural Missouri that I'm not welcome, and I have to be conscious of that. I can't take the backroads of rural Missouri. Yes, I've taken Highway 50 from Union all the way up to Jefferson City, but I won't do it at night. Yes, I've taken 47 from Washington up to Warrington, but I won't do it at night. Because if my car gets stuck, and I did 15,800 miles last year in the state of Missouri, not only do I have to worry about trying to find a gas station, I have to worry about would I be accepted at that gas station. And that's a reality for me. You have to think about that when you hire minorities. A lot of times people hire us for the sake of having one of us there--but remember, with the glory of having you there, the responsibility of having you there goes along with it. You have to allow them to raise your consciousness to the level that you begin to understand what they are going through.

I taught a lesson one day in Augusta, Missouri, and the regular teacher, 60-something years old, had received a letter from a parent that said she was not being 'creative enough.' So I went to her class and gave an art lesson and we did some creative play. At the end of the lesson one of the little girls

walked up to me and said, 'Miss Stone?' And I said, 'Yes?' She said, 'Why are you brown?' And I said, 'Oh, well, you see, I just came back from Florida (which I had), and I got a tan.' And so she kinda looked at me and I said, 'Do you believe that?' And she said, 'Nooo.' So I got everybody quiet because I figured well, if she had that question, there were others in the room that had the same question and just weren't brave enough to ask. Well, I thought the teacher was going to pass right out and die, I really did. So I told them that I was going to answer her question and I wanted to answer it for everybody. And I told them about my heritage, and why the color of my skin was brown. Augusta is near Washington, Missouri, but very few of those children get beyond Augusta. It's in the wine country of Missouri. And so, I received a letter a couple of weeks later from the parent making the initial complaints about the teacher. And I don't think she really understood why I was there and helping the teacher, but her note said to me that she was very grateful that her child had the experience of meeting a woman of color and to be able to enjoy her, other than what she saw on television. And I appreciate that--since she had been doing the complaining--and I shared that with the teacher, also. Those are the kind of things that make the job worthwhile.

I think that's something all of us have to do--stick our neck out. If this world is going to be better than what it is today, we must have the courage to stick our necks out. To speak up when the joke is told in the teacher's lounge. And I know that's hard to do, but we're going to have to do it--because it was a joke about females or it was racial. And if someone tells one of those jokes, you could be offended. Someone could step on your toes, and then you walk in my mocassins. You walk in my shoes--you take kin to me, and see how that feels--it's not funny. So, it takes courage to say, 'I don't think that was really nice, I don't think that was funny.' We have to look at things from another person's perspective. I'm not talking about your perspective--I'm talking about my perspective, I'm talking about Nellie's perspective or Sue's child's perspective--that's what you have to look at. Remember, we <u>all</u> want to be eagles, no matter what our handicap is, we all want to soar, and be great, and do the things that are positive--to make us proud of ourselves and to make others around us proud. So remember to stick your neck out, remember to stoop down and mentor somebody.

The rules are always changing. I do a workshop on emerging leaders, and in that workshop we talk about knowing the structure of where you are trying to go. If you don't know the rules you can't get there. So, sometimes, I need one of you to stop, teach me the rules, teach me the structure. Doris Helge did that for in inviting us to this conference--I came here as a classroom teacher. Mike Green at a NEA Convention said rural America is important, and that we've got to organize and speak out on rural issues. So he formed the Rural and Small Schools Caucus for NEA. Through the Caucus I came into the American Council on Rural Special Education and met Doris, who has stuck her neck out for us to be able to participate in this conference.

So we need more of you to stick your neck out. I have to know your culture to get to where I am, you don't have to know mine. You don't have to know Nellie's, and we understand that, but we ask you to be patient and be tolerant, and learn our culture. Try to be a part of our culture, because through that, you will learn dignity, you will have courage, you will be enlightened and you will be motivated. You will learn team building and develop a team that works. Yes, you have to make some attitudinal adjustments in the process--a paradigm shift. But we will have the patience to let you make those attitudinal adjustments. You will have sensitivity, you will learn that a disability, as you perceive it, can be beautiful. Thank you very much."